

means of insuring their safety upon the unexpected rencontre that had occurred just before.

Argimou having provided for the security of his fellow travellers, rejoined the French scout, who conducted him beyond the thicket and through a small wood from which they emerged upon an open glade among the trees, where a piteous spectacle was beheld, furnishing a striking commentary upon the horrors of war. There must have been, at least, seven hundred persons gathered within the area, of each sex and every age, exhibiting every grade of wretchedness; from forlorn sorrow to the depth of extreme misery and want. Here, were mothers striving to afford their babes that nourishment and comfort which they wanted far more themselves. There were elder children, clamouring for food, which no one had to offer, yet still they cried on, the tyrant cravings of hunger disregarding utter impossibilities; and, nigh at hand old helpless men, stricken to a second childhood by the event that had befallen, lay moaning and wishing for death to release them from their woes, and mumbling that the grave was their only home now—the peaceful, quiet grave! While some again, disturbed the sanctity of grief with wild hysterical laughter, more allied to madness than mirth. It was fearful to hear them mocking happiness with shouts of glee and merry words, soundful but hollow, such as men, reckless with despair, put forth, the precursors of a failing brain or a breaking heart. These went about among the rest, calling on their fellows to be mirthful, for they had no cares, no dwelling places now but the woods—the brave old woods!—Though there were others, strange to say, the very converse of the last, for they were full of hope, although half naked and nearly starved; these would whisper cheering words to less trustful sufferers, telling them not to weep or be cast down, for “*le bon temps viendra*,” and they would be happy then. But there were some, and these alone carried arms, who sat stern and silent with their straw hats drawn down to cover their hollow eyes, and their heads resting on their clenched hands. These men never spoke nor answered a word, but sat hour after hour, still and motionless, as if in a lethargic trance, or as though they had been petrified into stone; yet in their souls the shaft that wounded all, pierced deepest and rankled with the greatest bitterness; with the withering force of their despair, was mingled the feverish thirst, the insatiable longing for revenge.

The Indian threw a troubled look over the multitude, and his eye kindled with quick pas-

sion, and his chest swelled with gathering emotion, but he lingered not, as he passed on to the further part of the open space, where the blue smoke of several fires was visible among the limbs of the dark trees. Here were seated several hundred of his own nation, men, women and children, but a strange silence was observed by the assemblage, and, as their chief Sagamou stepped rapidly on towards a temporary wigwam, which had been made beneath a beautiful sugar maple in the rear, no sound of recognition escaped the group, though many sad faces were turned upon him at his approach. Gliding noiselessly by, Argimou entered the bough-thatched canopy, and seated himself, without saying a word, by the side of a recumbent figure, enveloped in skins, and stretched out upon a bed of fir in the centre, around which were gathered the principal warriors of the tribe. The chief asked no questions, waited for no explanation—all was told by the melancholy spectacle before and around him. The Anglasheou had triumphed; the pleasant hamlets of their Acadian brethren and his own beloved village by the shores of Baye Verte, were destroyed, and their inhabitants driven out, like wild beasts into the forest, in company with his tribe, who had come here with their Great Father—the old Tonea, that he might die in peace. This was the same ancient warrior who had officiated at the inauguration of the Bashaba. When he saw the face of that aged man, rigid, as if set in death; the eyes closed as in slumber—the long white hair, wreathed like a glory round the sunken cheeks; he almost repented having given his hand in friendship to one of the nation that had wrought this great evil. It seemed at that moment, a crime even deeper than ingratitude.

Shortly, old Tonea, whose senses were wrapped in a dull stupor, such as sometimes is seen to precede the dissolution of the aged, appeared to revive a little, for he began to murmur indistinctly, like a sleeping child. The chief bent down his ear to listen, but he could not distinguish the words uttered so feebly, therefore he said softly—“does my father speak?” At the unusual sound, the old Indian opened his eyes, but they were glazed, and incapable of vision, for he immediately closed them again, while he asked faintly—

“What voice troubles the dreams of Tonea, as the breeze of summer among the dead autumn leaves?”

“Argimou!” was the reply.

“There were many warriors of that name,” continued the old man, whose memory was